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DEADPOOL

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PG 68



**SIMONE
TSANG
UDON**
marvel.com



DIRECT EDITION
06811
7  CSCANS.COM 2
\$2.25 US \$3.75 CAN



Will one
of you...

...Please...

...hurry
up...

...and pull the
trigger?





Weird how so many of my happiest memories smell like gunpowder.

Eight hours ago.

Good
beer.

Bad
company.

Last time I faced this guy, the "Taskmaster," as he
likes to be known, we were trying to kill each other
to the death. Now he's got information I need.

Like why my brain is suddenly crippled. Like why I'm having
headaches so bad they make decapitation seem like a
reasonable therapy. And one other thing...

He's given
me a name.

So, this
guy you told
Sandi
about--

Yeah. The
"Black Swan."
Don't have a
real ID.

--You think
he sneezed some
kinda virus in my
brain?

HEALING FACTOR: HEADBANGER'S BALL

(CHAPTER THREE)

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DEADPOOL® Vol. 1, No. 86, August, 2002. (ISSN #1093-4480) Published by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 EAST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 2002 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$2.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$3.75 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues (in U.S. dollars): U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00 (GST #R127032852); foreign \$39.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DEADPOOL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DEADPOOL, c/o MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 606-7820. Printed in the U.S.A. PETER CUNEO, Chief Executive Officer; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUY KARYO, Chief Information Officer; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus.



Sounds like.

Any idea why?

Well, to be fair, I barely *know* you and I want to kill you *myself*.

Save me some peanuts, you big hog.



You're still mad I beat the crap out of you.

Nah, I watch, I learn.

Liar, He hasn't forgotten...



It's probably too late to do any good, but I'm gonna tell you this anyway. I *worked* with the Swan once.

Once was enough for me.



You heard of a merc named Tyrell Farsa?

Sure. Big guy, Canadian, right? Used to...

Crush skulls with his hands. Yeah. That's him.



He once took a hit on a prize thoroughbred--a quarter horse--for the insurance money.

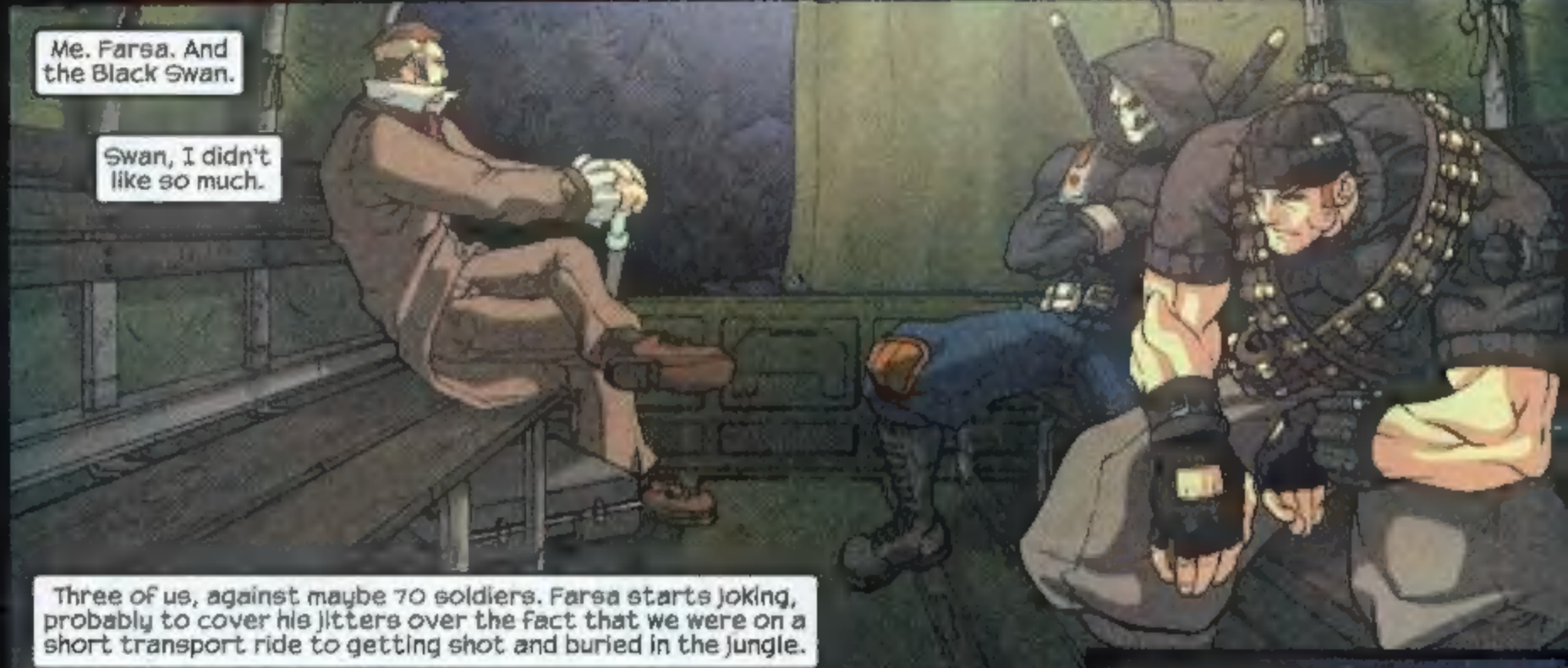
Did the job with his fists.

We got along fine right away.



I ain't gonna say what country, but there was a pop-up coup, and the new militia du jour made their bunker out of what used to be the local airport. Made sense; good communications equipment, security towers, barbed wire all around--

--not to mention control of the only airstrips in the region. The locals tried to fight...but in the end, they pooled their money and hired us to clean house.



Me. Farsa. And the Black Swan.

Swan, I didn't like so much.

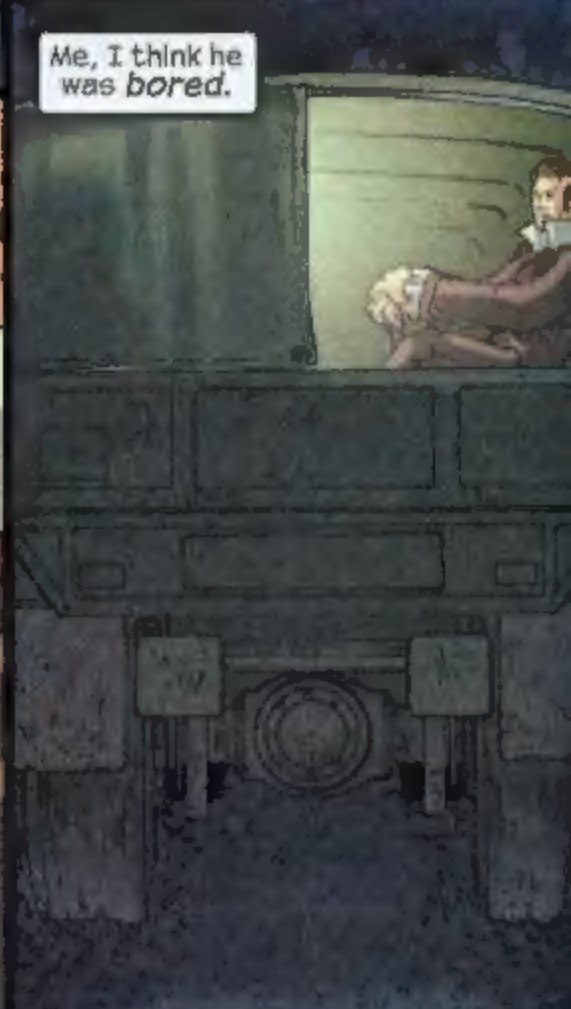
Three of us, against maybe 70 soldiers. Farsa starts joking, probably to cover his jitters over the fact that we were on a short transport ride to getting shot and buried in the jungle.



You know, when we get paid, I think I'm gonna rent a limo and take pretty boy there to the prom.

Hey, what's in the case, sweetie-ple?

I think Farsa believed the Swan was too scared to sass him back.

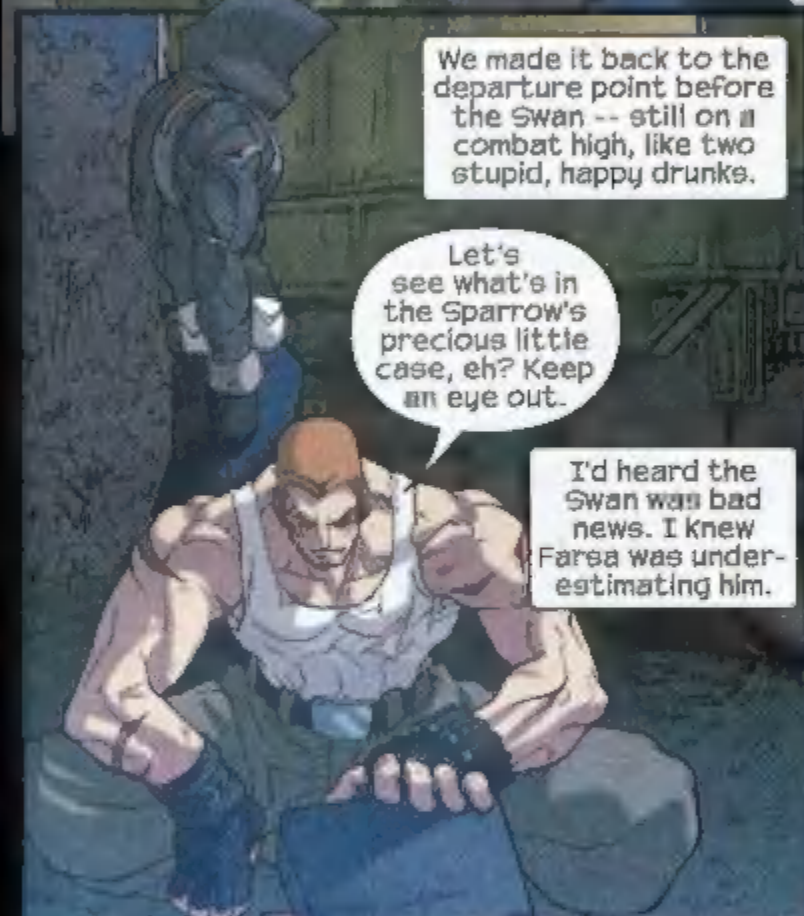


Me, I think he was *bored*.



We earned
our pay.

And surprisingly,
lived to collect.



We made it back to the
departure point before
the Swan -- still on a
combat high, like two
stupid, happy drunks.

Let's
see what's in
the Sparrow's
precious little
case, eh? Keep
an eye out.

I'd heard the
Swan was bad
news. I knew
Farsa was under-
estimating him.



I figured it was gonna be
guns, or interrogation
tools. I never figured on...

Silk
hankies?



What
the hell?



Of course,
that's when he
came back.

Please
cease your clumsy
rummaging through
my property at
once.

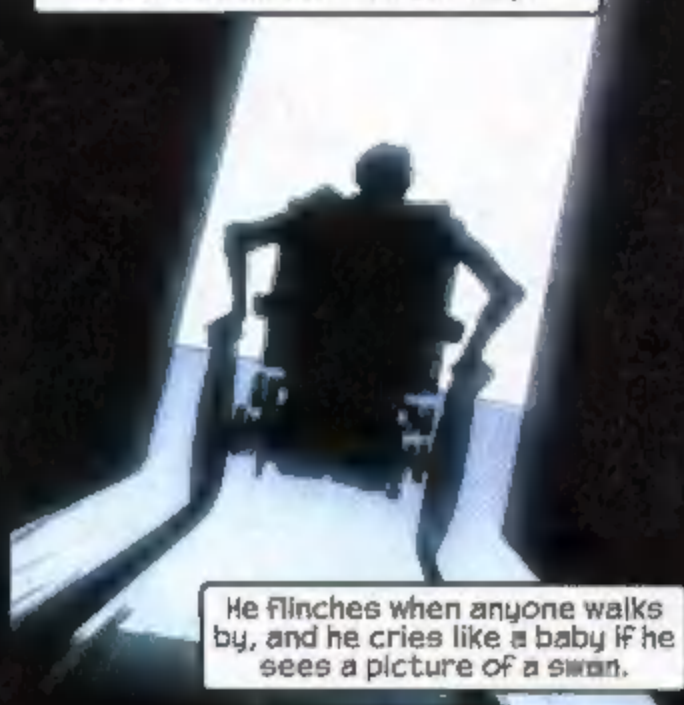


Oh, sure,
"Swan." Whatever
you say, man.

I guess maybe Farsa wasn't used to
anyone standing up to him. I could
see what he was thinking of doing,
the poor, dumb sap...



I visited Farsa in the hospital a while ago. He still can't feed himself, or go to the bathroom without help.



He flinches when anyone walks by, and he cries like a baby if he sees a picture of a swan.

So you ask me why the Black Swan did this to you?



I think you were just like Farsa to him, Wilson. Just a bug on his windshield.



Did you ever think that, to the nuts inside, the peanut shell is like their whole universe?



I mean, they could fall in love, and never be together, because the shell separates them. So close, but their cruel prison -- the *shell*-- keeps them apart. It's so sad!



How they must *hate* their cruel, cruel master, *The Shell*--

...uncaring despoiler of legume romance!



And then, one day, they're *free*! And it's like, "let's *dance*, you hot salty nut!"



Nut porn
is what it is.
Disgusting.

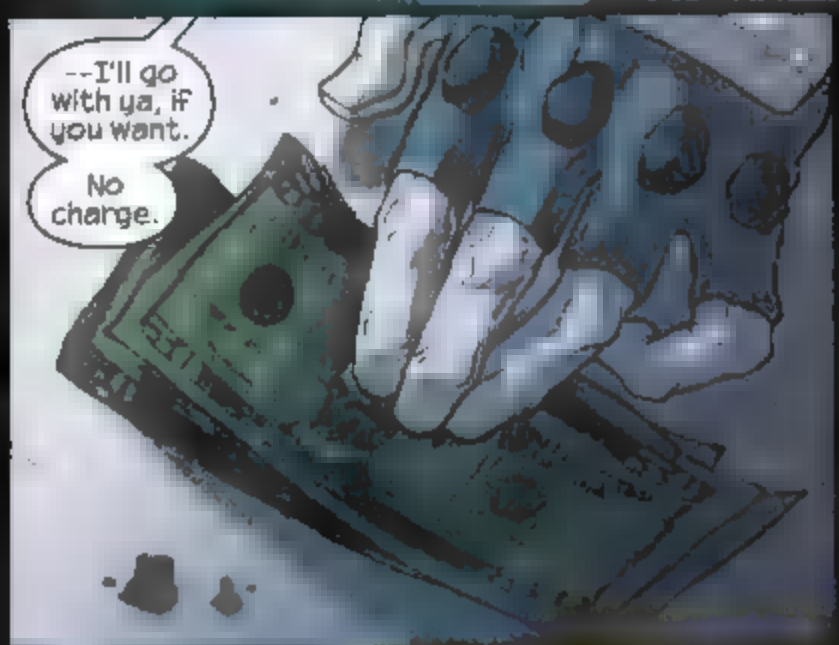
FONDLE
GROPE

Nice to
see success
hasn't changed
you, Wilson.



I'm outta
here. But
listen...

You plan
on making a
move on the
Swan--



--I'll go
with ya, if
you want.

No
charge.



That's...

...that's cool
of you, man. But I
got one last gig to
do, and then I think
I should clean this
guy out alone.



Suit yourself.
But I wasn't gonna
do it for you.

With you
dead, Sandi'd
be out of a
job.

That's you--
the killer who
cares.

Sandi. Without her running the place, Deadpool, Inc. would go down the porcelain subway in about *five minutes*. But something's up with her, and she's made it clear she won't *talk* to *me* about it.



Nice scooter, freak!

It's a motorbike!

It's 100% manly!

Stupid Rhino smashing my stupid car!

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

See, I did this amazing hit. I shot four guys through the heart, while falling through a glass dome.

Park this somewhere good. It's very special.

Of course, sir.

You think it's manly, right?

Very manly indeed, sir.



And ever since then, my clients have been nothing but rich businessmen. And you know what I'm coming to understand?

Mr. Montgomery has asked us to welcome you, sir. Will you follow us, please?

Sure. Hey, you guys ever mix peanuts and cashews? And film it?

That if you have a choice between trusting a business-
— trusting
— murderous super-villain—



--always trust the murderous super-villain.

Ah. You're here. About time.

It's a truly magical moment for me, also. Who the hell are you again?

I should get a notepad.

C.L. Montgomery, Mr. Deadpool. This is █ building. Cruise Minor recommended your, er, confidential █

But before █ commit to this deal--

--did you really hit █ Four Winds while falling thirty feet to the floor?

While they were eating, yeah. Shot them right through the appetizer.

█ sense telling him that thanks to the Swan's virus, my █ is completely shot. Loose lips stinky chips, or something like that.

Excellent.

█ the office exactly opposite of this one, in the building █ the street? There's █ in there I've never met, never spoken to.

Boy, neighbors just aren't that neighborly any more.

I need you to take him out. █ needs to stop existing. Next time I see his name, it needs to have "Rest In Peace" after it.

Slay thy neighbor, the forgotten commandment.



...the guy's name is Curtis Boland. When I had my first company, he was in the mail room.

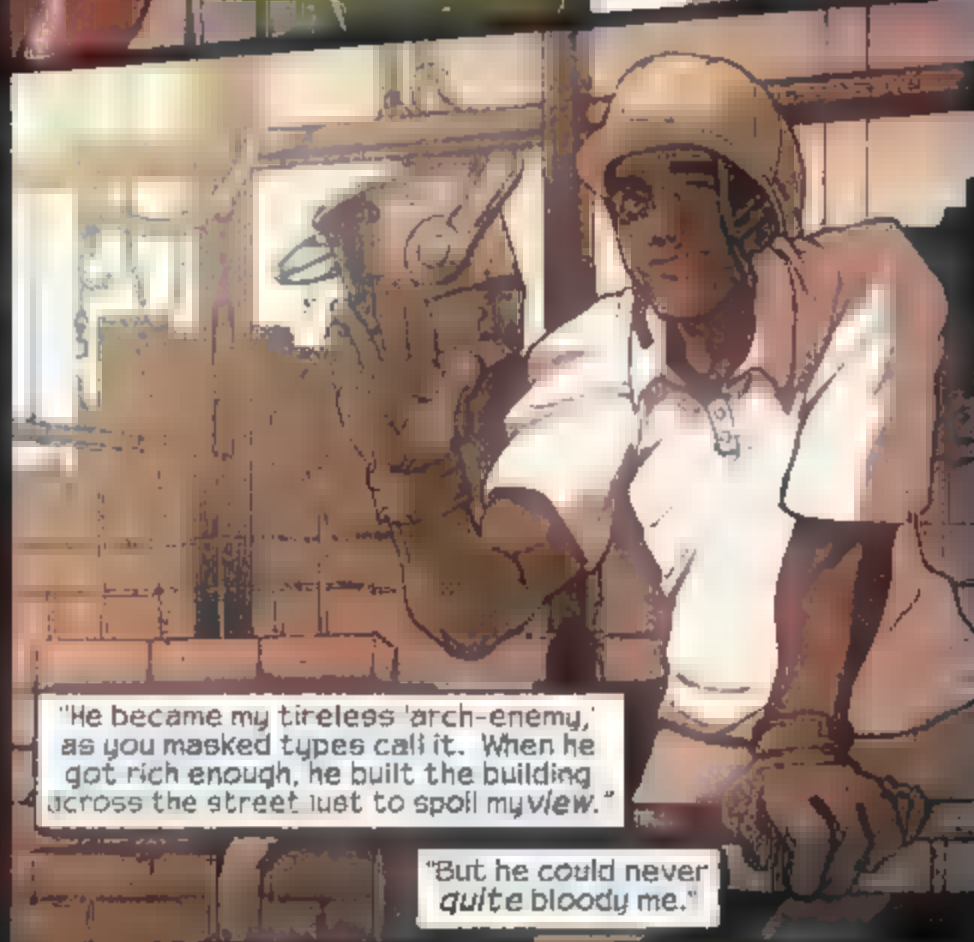
Business was bad, and I laid him off-- turned out to be his birthday, I guess. How was I to know?

Uh, huh. Uh, huh. Yep. I'm with you.

For the love of God, is there no bathroom in this suite?



"From then on, he [redacted] everywhere. Everything I had, [redacted] wanted. Businesses, women, property, awards-- he even went to [redacted] tailor. My tailor."



"He became my tireless 'arch-enemy,' as you masked types call it. When he got rich enough, he built the building across the street just to spoil my view."

"But he could never quite bloody me."



Listen, C.L.-- can I call you C.L.? No? Fine.

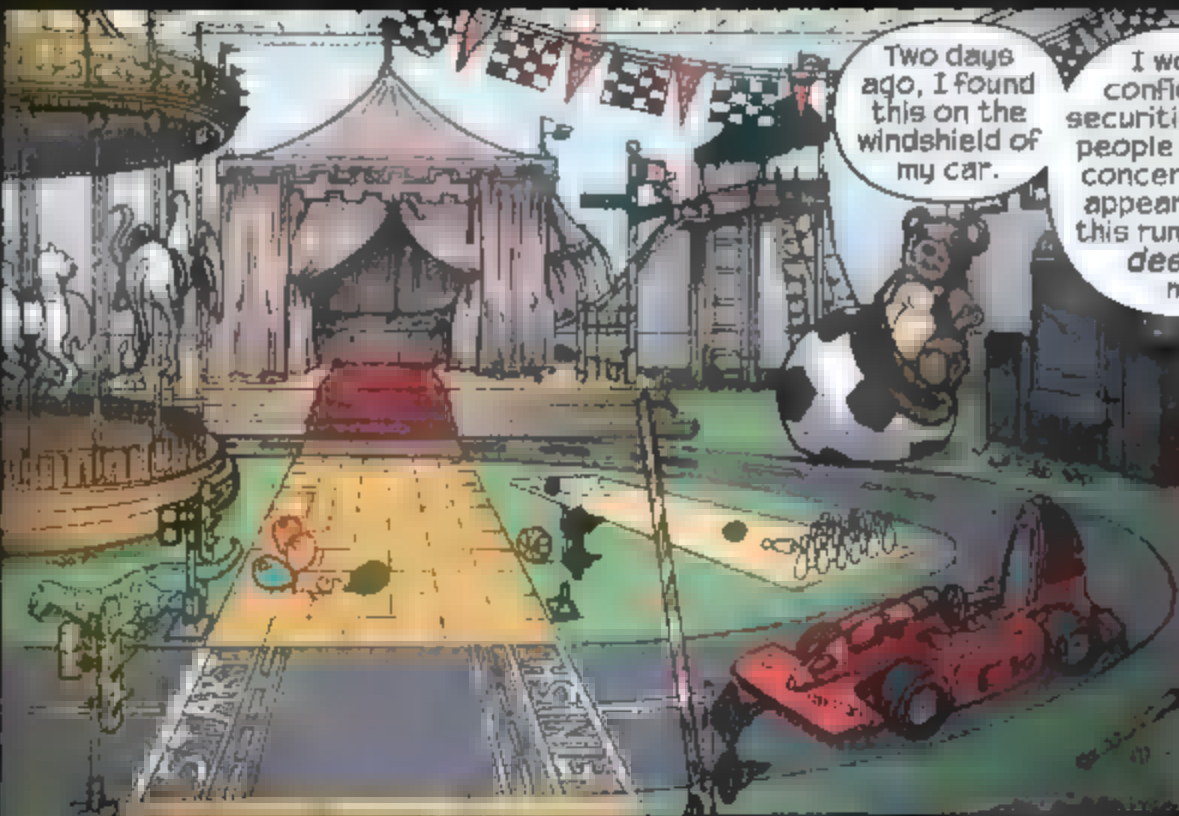
C.L., you don't need to tell me [redacted] this. I'm more of a point and click piece of software. You point, I click.



Yes, but-- well, I want you to [redacted] why this needs to be done.

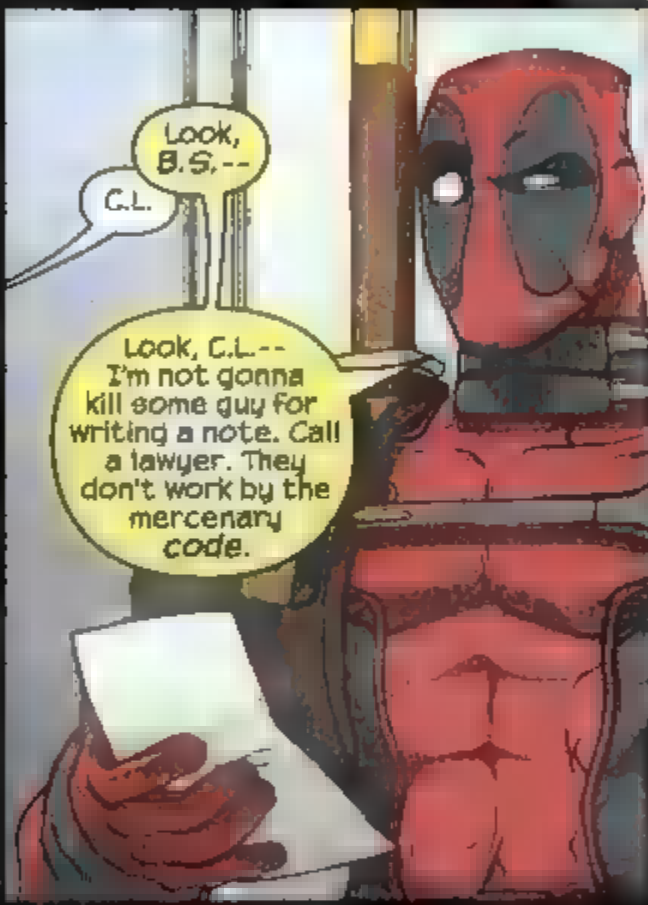
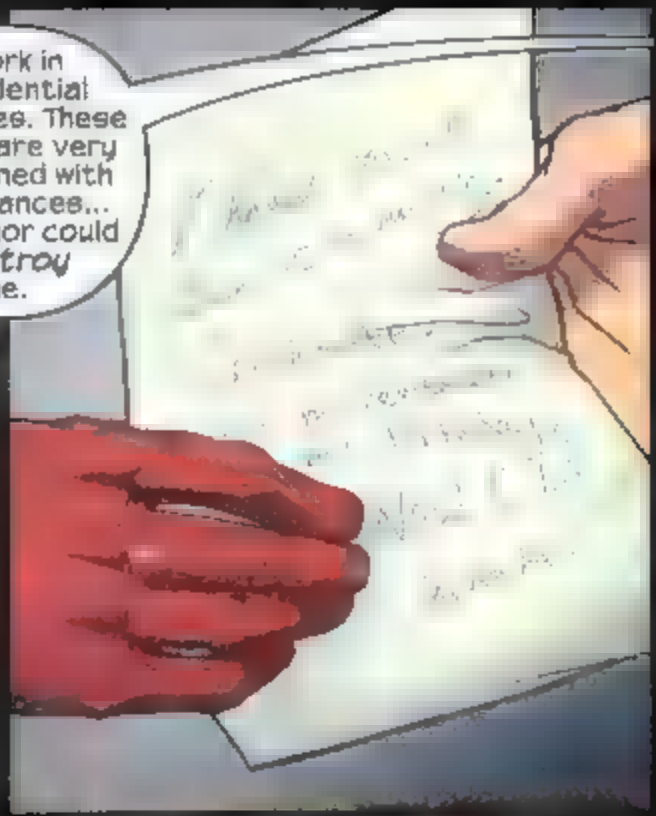
Please, come in.





Two days ago, I found this on the windshield of my car.

I work in confidential securities. These people are very concerned with appearances... this rumor could destroy me.



Look, B.S.--
C.L.

Look, C.L.--
I'm not gonna kill some guy for writing a note. Call a lawyer. They don't work by the mercenary code.



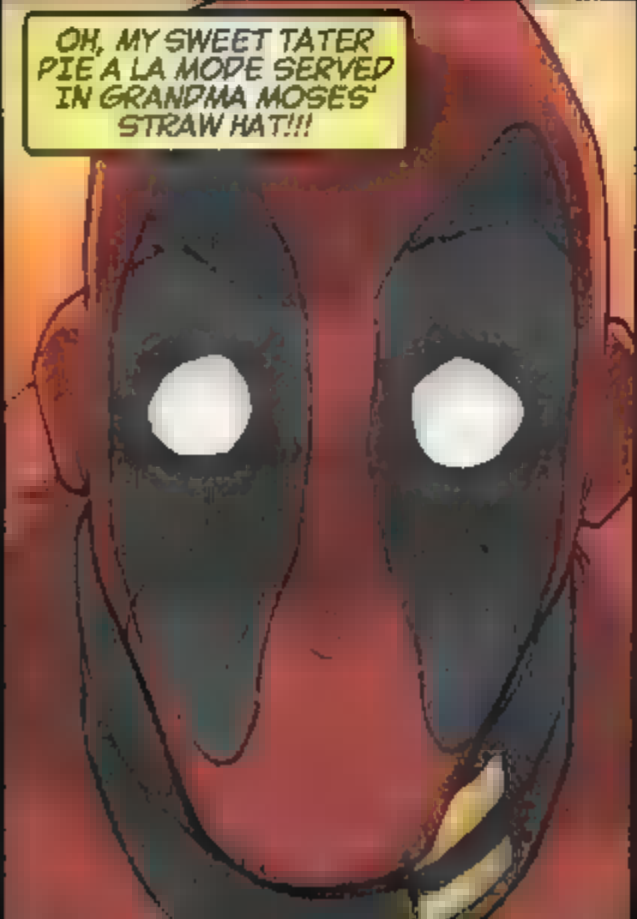
At least come and meet my son, Mr. Deadpool, before you turn us down.

David, I want you to meet someone...

Dad? Is that you?



Oh, sure. Show me the cute little sick kid to gain my sympathy. Well, it isn't gonna--



OH, MY SWEET TATER PIE A LA MODE SERVED IN GRANDMA MOSES' STRAW HAT!!!



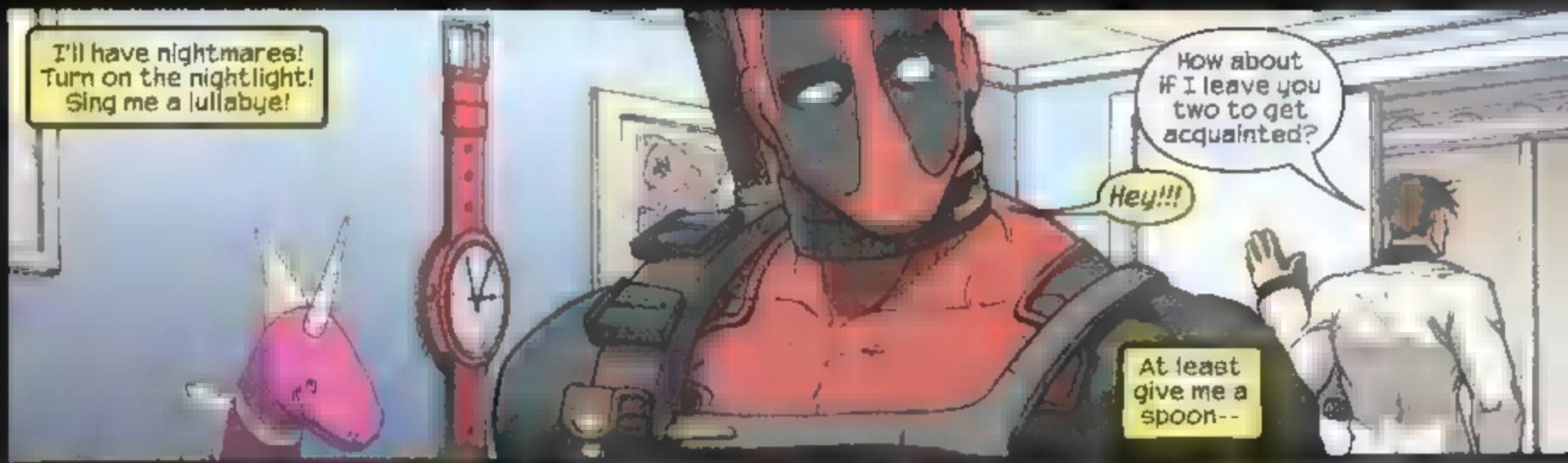
Hi, mister.



Urp. Oh, urp. Yes, hi, yes.

Yep, that's one *unique* child you got there, C.L. I mean, *whoa*.

Hee. You're funny.



I'll have nightmares!
Turn on the nightlight!
Sing me a lullabye!

How about
if I leave you
two to get
acquainted?

Hey!!!

At least
give me a
spoon--



--to pluck
my eyes out.

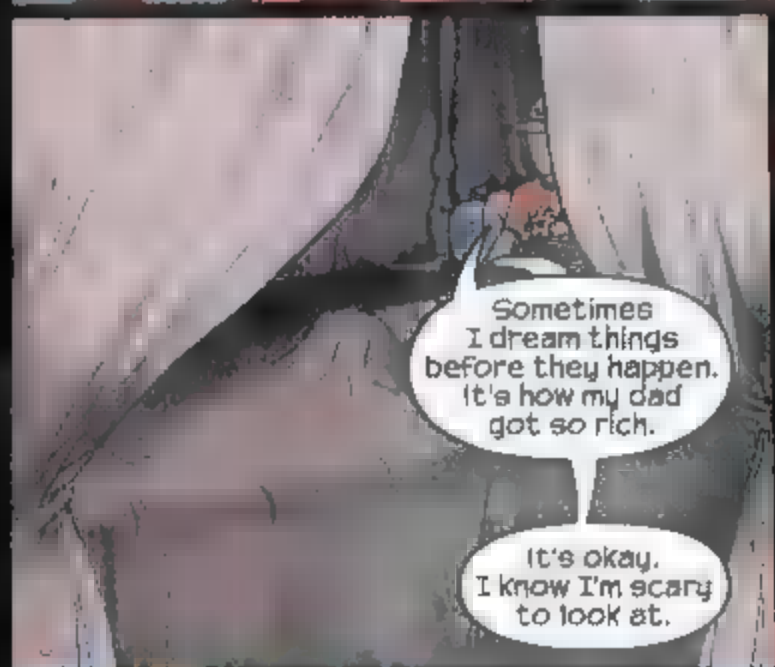
So,
ah...

...nice to...
uh...meet you,
David.



These are
unusual drawings
you've done
here.

"Durham
Petrochem
up 5/8's"?



Sometimes
I dream things
before they happen.
It's how my dad
got so rich.

It's okay.
I know I'm scary
to look at.

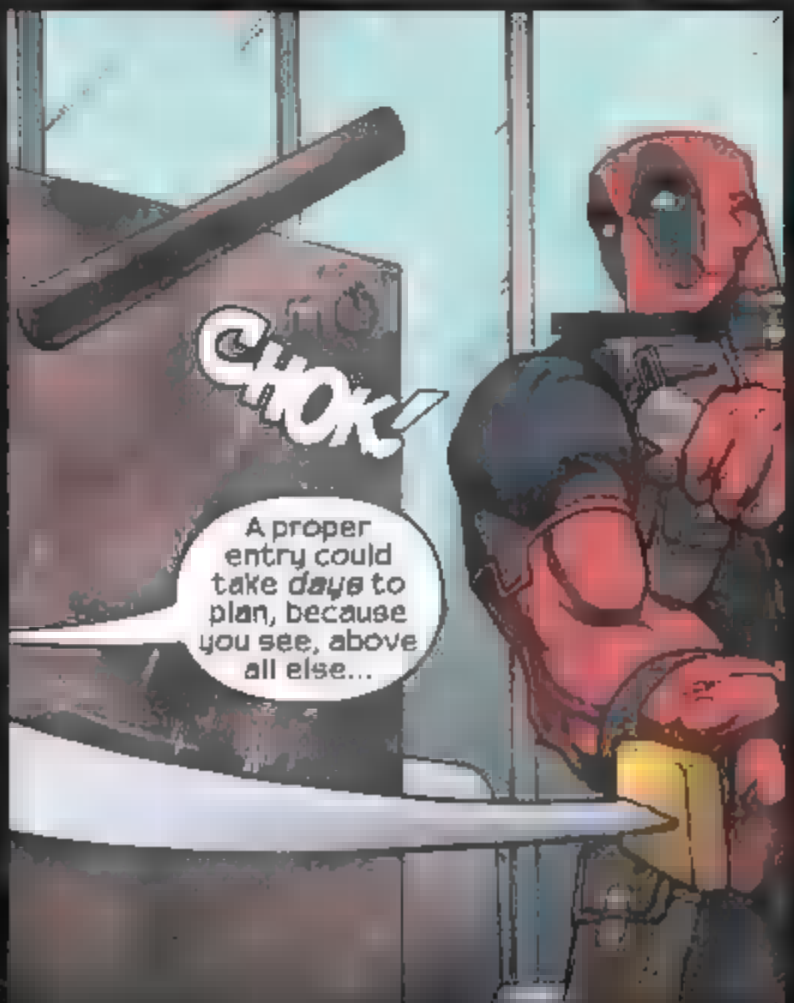
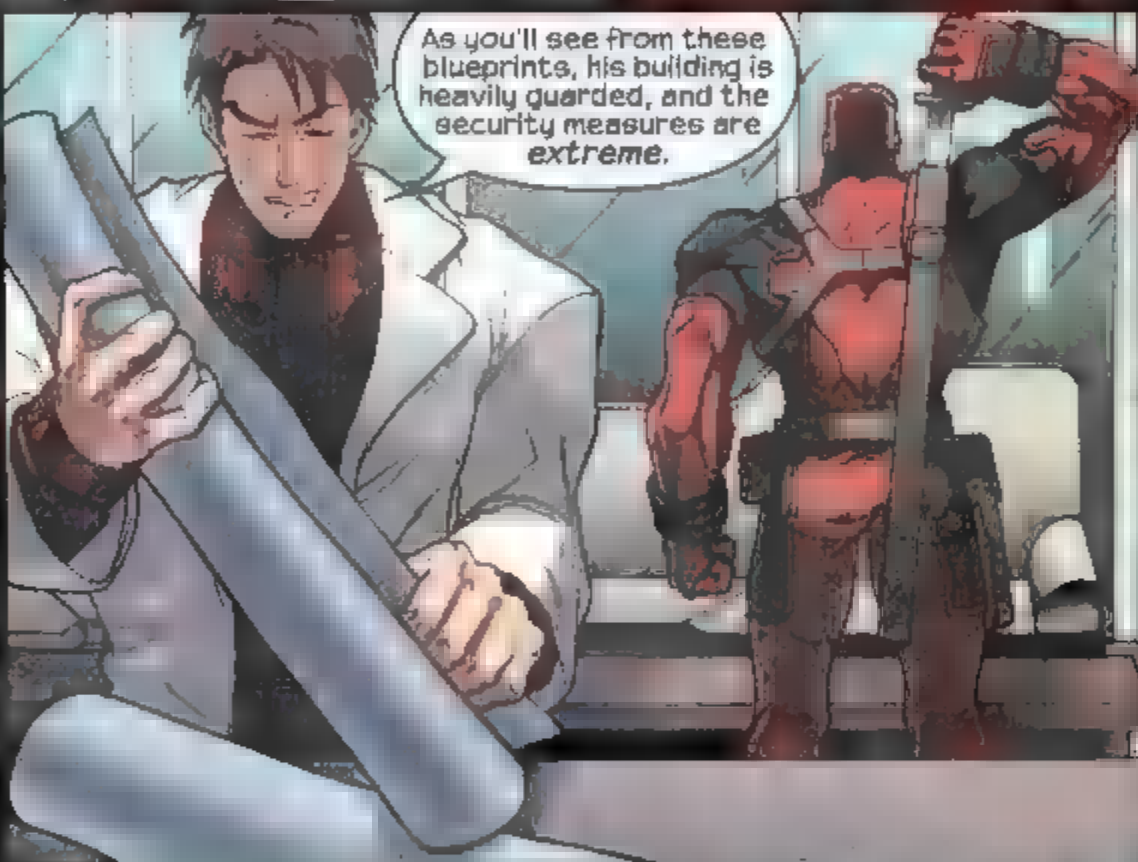


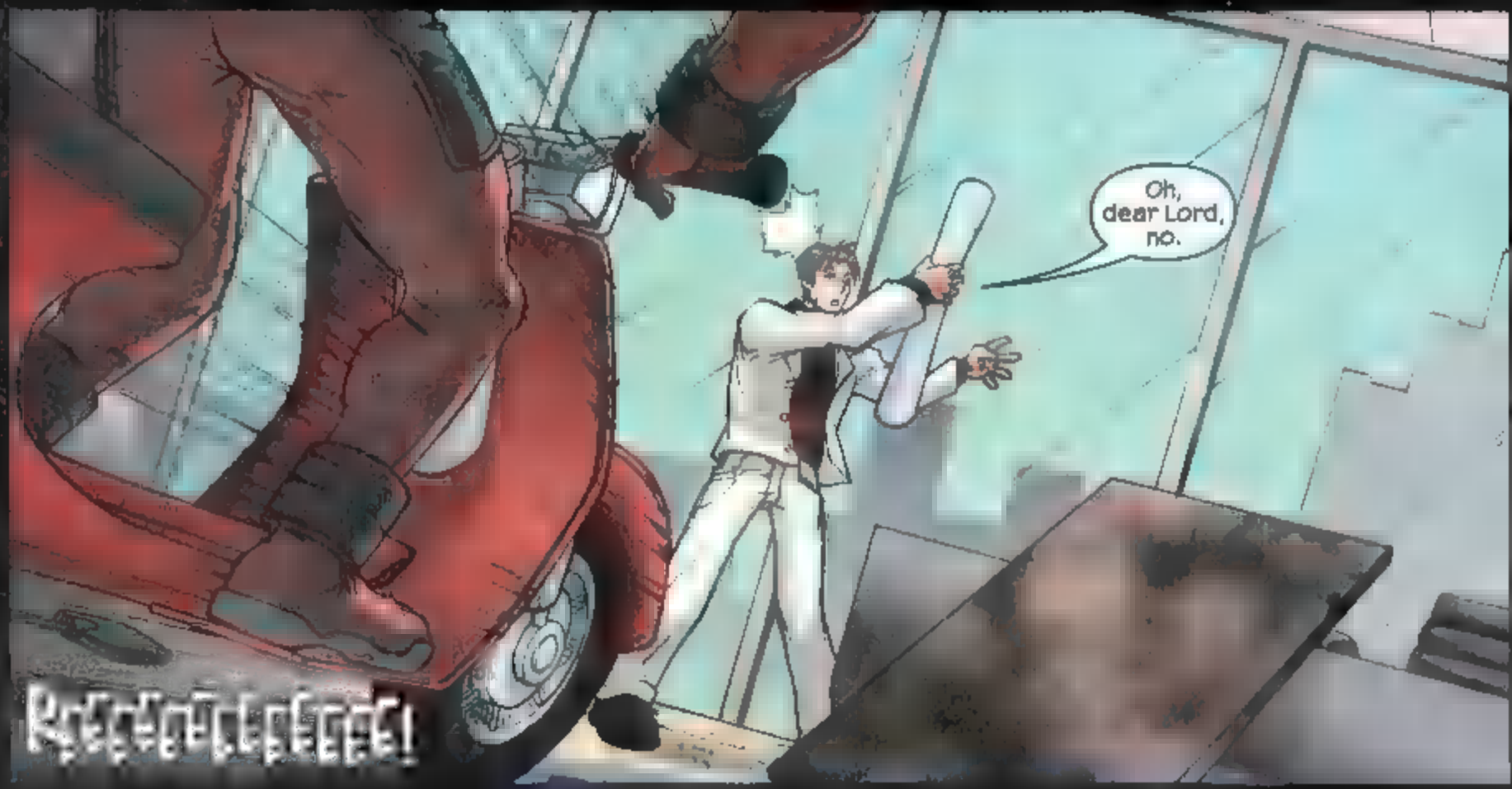
Hey.
Hey, kid.



Guess we
got something in
common, huh?

Whoa.
You're half-past
hideous, dude.





And just when I'm feeling some of that feeling I don't get too often. You know, pride of doing the right thing?

Message from your dear neighbor across the street:

His. Kid. Is.

Off-limits!

Kids. Are.

Off-limits!



The worst headache yet. By far.

Oh, ~~Black Swan~~. If I don't jump out the window, you're going to *pay* for this.

Good job, Christopher.

I didn't do it! He just collapsed or something.

And this is right about where we ~~jump~~ in, right? Me on the floor with a death wish?

Hold your fire, Joe.

I'm trying, Mr. B! But he's...

Hold. Your. Fire.

Oh, won't somebody please try to tell me...



How. You can miss. At this range?

Nice shooting, moron!



Oh, this is rich. Montgomery sent you? That tired little man. That cowardly dinosaur.

Do you know he fired me once? On my birthday?

Please. My head. Shoot.



I don't think so.

I would have been happy with blackmail. But since he's raised the stakes, I think I'll do him a favor and erase that freak of a son of his.

After exposing him, of course.

Please. Please.



You're making a spectacle of yourself.



You sicken me, you weak, weak man.

THAPP!



Soon...

You know, David, you don't have to stay trapped in this room. I know some people, they run this school in Westchester for kids like you.

You could go and see it, at least.

Damn. I suck at this.

I can't, Mr. 'Pool. My dad needs me.

Hey, don't go all Afternoon Special on me, okay?

Look, if you're afraid the kids will see what you look like...

Mr. 'Pool, you're the one with the mask on.

Heh. I hate smart kids.

What's this?

It's a picture I drew. I dreamed it. I'm sorry.

Sorry? What are you talking about? I love it! I like the blood especially.

